

OLD DAYS OF DUELS

Reminiscences of the Code of Honor Times

FAMOUS MEETING IN GEORGIA

The Fight to Death Between Two Brave Men—How a Young French Soldier Punished an Insult.

All this talk about duelling is quite laughable to those who lived in the old days when the genuine article was of frequent occurrence. Nowadays when two public men pass "the line" and shake their fists at each other, we all get very much excited and rush off to the telegraph office and print several columns. In the good old days real, genuine duels between



important men were of frequent occurrence. A case of duelling pistols were as much a part of the outfit of a Southern or Western Congressman as his green carpet-bag. Imported pistols were highly prized. But a Philadelphia gunsmith, named Derringer, made such good guns that his name became attached to a short pistol of his own manufacture, designed to be carried in the trouser's pocket for use in street fights. A first-class duel would now attract more attention than a Presidential election.

The Southern States were particularly the home of the duelist, and looking back over the past there is probably no man in the Southern States who has seen more tragedies of this kind than R. H. Wainwright of Rome, Ga. He was one of the seconds in the famous duel between Bill Arp and Col. Johnson which took place in Rome during the war. Col. Johnson and Mr. Arp were fast friends. Arp was a man of great wit and a noted for-hunter, etc. He was a poor man but very popular. Previous to the time when the duel took place he and Col. Johnson were never known to have a dispute in any way. On the afternoon of the duel Col. Johnson and Mr. Arp were in the choice house bar.

The dispute arose over the previous duel in which Col. Johnson had figured prominently, either at Calhoun or Carverville. Suddenly Col. Johnson drew out pistols and called on Mr. Arp to fight him. It seems that Arp did not care to have a difficulty; he was trying to avoid one. He, however, took the pistol and walked away across Broad street and started up Bridge street. He had probably reached the Fifth avenue entrance to Lowry's drug store, when Col. Johnson opened fire on him.

When Johnson opened fire Arp wheeled and returned the fire. They both advanced upon each other then, firing rapidly. Col. Johnson fell in the middle of Broad street, mortally wounded, having been shot twice. As Johnson fell Arp threw his pistol at him.

The duel took place about 4 o'clock in the afternoon in the fall of the year. Col. Johnson was picked up and carried to the choice house, where he died about 9 o'clock that night. Arp was shot in the breast near the right nipple and was carried to the old Etowah house. On the way to the hotel he repeatedly said that he was killed.

He, however, recovered, as, fortunately, the ball struck a rib and glanced. Arp afterward went to Arkansas, where he was killed by falling off a wagon. At the time the duel took place Rome was occupied by the Confederate forces and groups of officers congregated around on the street discussing the duel, all of them saying: "What a pity such brave men are shooting at each other here, instead of shooting at Yankees at the front."

An event which occurred in a certain cavalry regiment about 1861 helped to put down bullying and suppress the duellists, who were the chivalrous gentlemen that usually practiced it. In this regiment, stationed at Marietta, Ga.



Captain of one of the troops was a bully. He took special delight in torturing the youngest of his Lieutenants, a bright, laughter-loving lad who was the delight of the regiment—officers and men. One day after mass the Captain brutally insulted the boy, and followed him up by calling him a liar and slapping his face. The Lieutenant flushed and left the room. He had previously shown his courage in Algeria, and his officers could not understand why he should shrink to such continued insults. They followed him to his quarters and told him that if he did not cut out his enemy he would have to go to Canada. The young officer explained that he had strong religious scruples about duelling, and could not conscientiously go out. Finally the Colonel of the regiment sent him the alternative—either fight or leave the service. The boy took the latter course, and the fight

should take place with pistols and over a handkerchief. One of the weapons was to be loaded and the other unloaded. They were to be chosen by lot. The man stood up, each holding the edge of a handkerchief. At the signal the Captain pulled the trigger, when it was found that he held the unloaded pistol.

All eyes were now fixed upon the calm, resolute, fair-haired boy. The spectators were confident that as he held his adversary in his power he would either discharge his pistol in the air or not shoot at all. But not so. He took deliberate aim, and, placing the muzzle of the pistol as near the other man's face as he could reach, blew his brains out. Then leaning over the prostrate form of his enemy he dipped a handkerchief in the blood and smeared the face with it. Then, with exultation, he turned to those in the field and said: "There! do you consider that I have wiped out the blow I received?" He then strode from the ground and that evening sent in his resignation. Shortly afterwards he retired to a convent for the remainder of his life. Since that incident there has not been so much bullying or duelling in any regiment of the French army.

HAS ANOTHER MYSTERY.

Columbus, Ohio, Has a Counter Attraction to the Startling Case.

The mystery of Miss Myrtle Sturtevant, whose peculiar absence from her home in Columbus, Ohio, is exciting almost world-wide attention, has a counter attraction in that city in the sensational disappearance of Lincoln Fritter, a prominent young attorney and secretary of the Thurman club. Fritter disappeared on April 11. The affair has been kept very quiet, and was known to none save his immediate family and business associates. Fritter was connected with the law firm of Nash & Lantz, for whom he made frequent business trips to neighboring cities. The Sunday night before his disappearance he telephoned Judge Nash that he had arranged to leave the next morning for Newark and Lancaster on legal business for the firm. He went, to



LINCOLN FRITTER.

Newark Monday morning, according to appointment, and since that time has never been seen or heard of. Investigation develops the fact that he registered at the Hotel Warden, in Newark, upon his arrival there. In the afternoon of that day W. E. Cox of Columbus, and Hon. B. Clay Drinkle of Lancaster met and conversed with Mr. Fritter at the B. and O. depot in Newark. While talking with these gentlemen Mr. Fritter suddenly exclaimed:

"I have changed my mind about taking the train for Columbus, as I have never seen the old fort at the fair grounds. I believe I will take a street car and go out there now, and take the next train to Lancaster."

Nothing has since been seen of Mr. Fritter by his friends.

FELL AMID THE SNOW.

Sad Fate of a Pair of Montana Stock Herders.

Three Mexicans left Pueblo on April 18 for Thurlow's ranch, near Colon, where they were to have gone to work as herders. During the day it commenced to rain, completely saturating their clothing. The weather turned cold, turning the rain into snow, and the men lost the trail. Two of the men became so cold that they were unable to follow the horses with them and were left to perish. The third managed to keep pace with the animals, and they led him to a camp about daybreak. The next day a searching party found the two dead bodies of the missing men twelve miles from Thurlow's ranch. One of them was about 16 years old and the other a middle-aged man.

A MURDER MYSTERY.

Emma H. Roy, wife of Epile Roy, a prominent farmer and justice of the peace of Emmet township, Montanan county, Mich., after two unsuccessful attempts has murdered her 8-year-old daughter Ethel and committed suicide. Marks upon the child's body show that the mother first choked her, then smothered her with a cloth, and, dragging the body into the woods, threw it into a pool, afterward jumping in upon the little one. When Mr. Roy found the bodies several hours later the mother's clothing was weighted by stones. Mrs. Roy attempted to catch her son, two years older than Ethel, but he succeeded in eluding her. The lad states that his mother had within a few days twice attempted to kill the two children.

True to the Artistic Instinct.

"I had hoped for a different answer, Mabel," said the young man, with a bitterness and chagrin he took no pains to conceal.

"I dare say" was the mocking rejoinder of the young woman. "You thought it was only necessary for you to hold out your hand to me and I would jump at the chance to take it."

"I certainly had no reason to expect a scornful refusal." "At any rate you didn't expect it. You were so confident of your power to charm that you did not dream I might object. George Haskins, your concert needs a little taking down. Women are not won by condescending to humor them with your preference. You have charmed them by your little purpose if you think they are all crazy to marry the first man that comes along and deigns to make them an offer. If this experience shall be the means of reflecting you of some of your infinitely self-complacent and assuming into your

system a little self-respect, well—

"Thanks, Miss Whistler," interrupted the young man stiffly, as he rose and took his hat, "but I think I don't care to hear the rest of the lecture."

"As you please, Mr. Haskins," she replied. "It is tantamount to leave a job unfinished, and I was not quite done with you, but if a man chooses to go away from a barber shop half shaved I presume it is his privilege. Good morning, Mr. Haskins."—Chicago Tribune.

To Be Expected.



Housekeeper—Call these apples Rhode Island greenings, do you? Seems to me they are awfully small.

Dealer—Yes, mum. Rhode Island is a small state, mum.—New York Weekly.

The Science of Shopping.

See the lady. Is she a pretty lady? She is a pretty lady—that is to say, if accused of being pretty she would deny it; if not so accused she would be as used as a wet hen. Is the lady rich? It looks like it. She does not see anybody else in the world. Oh, yes, she is rich. What is the lady doing? Let us see.

See her go into the store. Did she stop on the pretty boy who opened the door for her? Not quite, but the boy had to hustle to escape. Why does the baldheaded man behind the counter have such hard work to look pleasant anyway. Does he enjoy palling down all the goods in the store, as the rich, pretty lady requests? He should. She will probably buy large amounts of the goods. But no. See! She is leaving the store without buying anything. Does the baldheaded man seem tired? He seems tired. He has half a day's work before him to put the goods back where he found them.

See the lady. Is she having lots of fun? It is to be hoped so. Nobody else is. Does she work other stores in the same way? She works a large number of other stores in just the same way. Does she buy anything? Not a solitary damned thing. What is she doing? She is shopping. Is the lady shopping? She is shopping. Do many ladies shop? They all shop. Is there any cure for the habit? No.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Troubled Over a Definition.

"Papa," said the boy, shaking his head dubiously as he looked up from his book, "I'm afraid I never can understand all these words."

"But, my boy," returned the father laying aside his paper, "you mustn't get discouraged. Once you learn the definitions you will have no trouble at all in understanding how to use them. Take any word you wish."

"Fast," papa," suggested the boy.

"Yes, of course. 'Fast' means rapid, speedy. Understanding that you can't make any mistake."

"A fast horse is one that runs, isn't it?"

"Well, yes, sometimes. You're beginning to understand."

"But, papa, a fast man generally rides, doesn't he?"

"Um, well, my boy," and the old gentleman looked at him over the tops of his glasses, "you're beginning to get technical."

"And a fast color is one that won't run, isn't it?"

"There, there; that'll do."

"But, papa, I want to know—"

"Run on and play, and don't bother me any more when I'm reading the paper."

And so the lesson came to an end.—Chicago Tribune.

Not an Enemy in the World.

When Narvaez, duke of Veragua, lay on his deathbed the Archbishop of Granada stood by his side, endeavoring to prepare him for the great change.

"I trust that you have pardoned all your enemies, that you also may receive forgiveness."

"I have no enemies," said the dying man.

"But, your excellency, a man who has been so long in office as you have—"

"I haven't one, I tell you."

"Still, it is just possible—"

"Not one, I repeat."

"Pardon me, your excellency—"

Looking his patience, Narvaez raised himself up with what strength he had left and said to the archbishop:

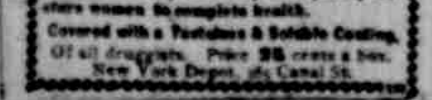
"Look here, I have no enemies; I had them all shot, and there's an end of it!"—Illustration.

Some Differences.

Springtop—I met Withersby today, and he said you were a fool to pay so much for a spring wagon. His wife got one for ten dollars less than yours.

Mrs. Springtop—Yes, my dear; but she only spent a day in looking for hers. It took me a week to find mine.—Chest Review.

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